



The meditations of Layut Bernard de.

15



କଥାକାଳିକାକାଳିକାକାଳିକାକାଳିକାକାଳି

Till profitable be to have translatynge pris
grimes a freyle synners the frifhfull met
kes a treatyses of hys fathres the whiche
che callis fro þ maye of occasioun of synne
to the way of ryghtwyrthnes / and teche us
the ryght way to þ ende of our wyllyng
mowe cheuerlastynge blis of heuen. Wherefore amoung
thoſe card wyrkes a treatyses / I haue to the honour of god
and profite of his people / thoſe to tranſlate out of latyn
in to englyſh a ſweete and deuoute treatyses / moche pro
fitable both to the louers of this troublous woice and
vniuerſe lyfe. And alſo to the louers of þ euerlastynge blis
redfull lyfe in the kyngdom of heuen / called the medrys
pons of ſaint Bernarde. Whereof I forbede to unerned
preſumptuous correcyon / and mekeley ſubmype me to
my wyrke to charytable correcyon. Welchynge the re
deſſe to boucheſafe to praye for me / and the empynet of
wyrke hereof to do theri deuoyre diligenty. And by
cause I wold haue ſo good and ſo profitable a chynge
comyn to many / and alſo bycause that hafſtly after the
tranſlation hereof before it was dewly correced and ex
dred / it was by drouer perſones tranſumpte & copied
I wote not how ofte agaynſt my wyl. Therfore haue I
now the pere of our lord Ihesu Chrys. M. CCCC. lxxvij.
and the xij. daye of the moneth of September / for to aſ
woyde and etheme the Jeopardy and burde that myght
come by that that was not dewly correced / put it moche
diligently correced and ordred to the empynet / in let
tynge & deſtruycyon of all other copied after the forſaid
unorrected tranſlation. And I conſcyle and etheme all
that haue thofe ſame / to leue them as doubtfull and I con

petitious, and take this more diligently ordered and corrected. It is not hard to knowe the one fro the other, for they differre bot by the nombre of chappices and in rulynesses of the same. Wys uncorrected was dypured in to. xii. chappices. Wherof the fyfth had no speciall rulynesses. The seconde chappice of the same began thus. Out mynde bodily is the ymage of god / & elles thus. The mynde bodily is þe ymage of god. And his rulynesse was this. That the mynde of god is called the ymage of god. But thus that is corrected more diligently is dypured and parted in to. xiii. chappices only. Wherof the rulynesses folowme here in ordre.

Chapters of this present boke.

CHow man by knowledge and understandyng of hym selfe may knowe god. And how the soule of man is the ymage of god. **Capitulo primo.**

COf the wretchednes of the body, and of the dreadfull judgement. **Capitulo. ii.**

CHow a synfull soule is vexed and troubled after her departinge fro the body. **Capitulo. iii.**

COf the dignite and noblesse of mannes soule. Of the wretchednes of the body. And how wretched the soule is made by the body. **Capitulo. iiiij.**

COf the mystery and wretchednes of man in his conceyng, his bythe, his lyfe, and his deeth. Of the noblesse of the soule. And of the soberne myschef of wycs bedmen. **Capitulo. v.**

COf the dethe and also of the paynes of wretched men
after they; deeth. Capitulo. vi.

COf the rewardes of blyssed soules. And of the Joyes of
heauen. Ca. viii.

CWho is able to haue the Joyes of heauen. Ca. viii.

COf charitable loue of thy neyghbour. Ca. ix.

CHow we shold pray loue & worshipp god / and chyns
be on hym. Ca. x.

COf mannes herte / and of prosperit in redpoult holt
thynges. Ca. xi.

COf wauctyng and bnytabelnes of the mynde and
thoughtes. Ca. xii.

CThe cause and also the remedie of wauctyng of the
mynde. And of confessyon. Ca. xiii.

CAcusyng by confessyon of diuersel synges. Ca. xiii.

COf the ghostly enemyes the flesh the mortale / and
the deuill. And also of they; temptacions and resistence
agaynst them. Ca. xv.

COf the malice of the deuill / & how he tempteth man
by the deuile. Ca. xvi.

COf the blyss of heauen. Ca. xvii.

COf despyteng of worldy thynges. Of the othe man
And of the ppre / gencynes and mercy of almyghty god. Ca. xviii.

CCapitulo.

Cthus endeth the chapteres of this pres-
ent booke called the medytacyong of
Saint Bernard.

Chōm man by knowlidge and understandyng of hym
self may know the god. And how the soule of man is the
ymage of god. Capitulo primo.



And there be that knowe & understande
many other thynges / & yet they knowe
not theyr owne selfe. They take moche
hede to other / but they loke not well to
themselue. They leue theri inwardre and
ghosly thynges / and serche god amoung
outwardre thynges / the whiche is within them. Ther-
fore I shall turne fro those thynges that ben outwardre
to inwardre thynges / & fro inwardre thynges I shall lyfte
my mynde to thynges aboue / that I may knowe wher-
of I came / and wherther I go / what I am / and wherof
I am. And so by knowlidge of my selfe I may ascende &
come to the knowlidge of god. for the more I profite in
knowlidge of my selfe / the more nigh I drawe to y kno-
ledge of god. ¶ On the inwardre maners behalfe I fynde
thre thynges in my soule / wherby I rememb're / beholde
and desyre my lord god / the whiche ben / the mynde / the
understandinge / & wyl or loue. By the mynde I remem-
ber hym. By the understandinge I beholde hym glos-
ly. And by wyl or loue / I loue & desyre hym. Whan I re-
memb're god I fynde hym in my mynde / and sic therin
in hym sweetnes & pleasure of hym / lyke as he woulde
safe to gyue me. By y understandyng I beholde in hym
what he is in hym selfe / what in holy aungels / and what
in his blyssed saintes / what in his creatures / & what in
mankynde. In hym selfe he is incomprehensyble / for he
is boche begynnyng & ende / begynnyng without begyn-
nyng / & ende without ende. By my selfe I understand
I w^z

holde he is comprehensible, when I may not attayne to
understandinge a knowldege of my selfe whome he hath
made. In holy angels he is pleasant and desyvable, for
they desyre is alwaye to beholde hym. In sayntes he is
desytable, for they happy & blyssed desyre them in hym
continually. In creatures he is meruapious, for by his
myght & power he createth all thynges, the whiche he
gouerneth moost wypself, a desyrbutter moost bryngynge
ly. In mankynde he is amyable & louely, for he is they
god, & they ben his people, and he dwelleth with them
as in his owne temple, and they ben the temple of hym,
who conuerth bath mynde and thyngeth on hym, under
standeth hym, and loueth hym, he is with hym. **W**othel
ly we owe to loue hym moche syrth he hath loured vs so
mocbe & made vs after his owne ymagy & lykeneſſe, & so
hath he done to none earthly creature. **W**othel y behoueth
that that shylde that is made after an ymage to be accou
dryng a lyke to the ymage or symylitude that it is four
med after, and not to haue wimouthly the name of an
ymage in barme. **W**herfore let vs sycte in vs the ymage
of hym in desyryng of peas and regardinge of trough.
Let vs holde and kepe hym by persyte loue and charpte
in our mynde. Let vs bese hym in our conſcience, and to
hym present in evry place let vs to due reuerence and
woſhapp. **W**Our soule forþip is the ymage of god, for as
moch as it is apte and mere to take and receyue hym as
may be partener of hym. It is the ymage of hym, not
only that it remembreceth it selfe understandeth or loueth
us selfe, but bycause it may remembre, understande and
loue hym whiche made it. And when it so dooth, than it
is wylle. **S**o: soþly therre is no chyrnge more lyke to the
lygh wyldeome of almyghty god, than is a reasonable

soule, whiche by mynde/budetstandynge & loue resteth
in the blisfull Trinity in whiche she may never rest and a-
byde/but if she remembre hym/budetstande & also loue
hym. But if she thynke blygently on her lord god/af-
ter thy image of whom she is created and made/and bne-
detstande/loue/honour and worshyp hym/with whom
she may eternally abyde and rest in perfyte joye & blysse
Notly that soule is ryght happy and blisfull in whom
our lord fyndeste refynge/and in whiche tabernacle he
dwelleth and resteth. That is a happy soule that may
saye my lord and master hath rested in my tabernacle.
Notly he shall not dynge to suche a soule p everlastynge
toll of hemyn. O whyn than take we not in our seise/but
leste out lord amoung ourwardethynge/the whiche is
wurthe us/p we wyll be with hym. Notly he is bothe in
us & with us/but that as yet is by fayth/unto suche ty-
me as we may deserve to se byt clerly. We knowe (sayth
the apostle) that by fayth Christ abydeth in our hertes.
By fayth I remembre my master/ I worshyp my merci-
ful redeemer/ and abyde my sauour/ I blyue that he
lyueth in all creatures/that he dwelleth within me. And
also I trust to knowe hym in hymselfe/the whiche is mo-
che more blyssfull and Joyfull than all these ben. for soch-
ly to knowe perfyctly the fader/the sone & the holy ghost
is curiastynge lyfe/perfyte blysse/and excedyngte plea-
sure. for the mortall eye hath not seen/ne eere berde/ne
maners herte understande clerly and perfyctly how mo-
che dierences/bow moche Joye/bow moche sweetenes we
shall have in that blisfull lyght/when we shall beholde
face to face hym that is the lyght of all bright thynge/
the refugge & rest of travaylers/ a labourers/ the receyuer
and keper of them that turne to hym/the very lyght to all

that I rive / and the crowns of them that overcomen they
ghostly creatures. Thus I fynde in my soule the mynd
of the hvygh and glorioous Crunte / to the habchte moost
hvygh and glorioous Crunte I owe to referte to me in
my lyfe / that I may remembry hym & put my pleasure
and contemplacion in hym. The soule is the myngage of all
myghty god / the whiche contyneth these thynges / the
mynde / the understandyng / and wyl. To the mynde we
attribute a put all thyng / þ for leste oþ knowe / though
we chynke not alwayes theron. To þ understandyng / we
attribute all that we knowe is true / the whiche also we
comende and put to our mynde. By the mynde we ben re
fembled and lyke to the father / by understandyng to the
sone / and by wyl or loue to the holy ghost / for ther is no
thyng in vs more lyke to the holy ghost than is the wyl
or true loue / for true loue is the gyfte of god / and it is so
p.errous that ther is noo gyfte of god more noble and
excellenc than it is. For true loue that cometh of god / and
is god hymselfe / is properly called the holy ghost / by
whome the loue of god is diffused and spradde in our bre
thes / and by whome all the holy and blisfull Crunte doth
lech and abydest in vs.

Capitule. vi.

Capitule. vi.

On the outwarde mannes behalfe I am content of
my fathers / the whiche haue made me the cynde
of dampnacyon before they haue made me the cynde of
barwice. Spawnes in they / sonnes haue begotten a younger
whome they haue oueruled of they / sonnes. Doynters
haue brought forth a wretchednes of the

worlde. I haue not of them but wretched roncs and syntes
and this concupiscre & rofete body that I carie aboute
And forchyp I hale towarde them the whiche by bodyly
deeth be passed out of this worlde. Whan I beholde theyz
sepulchers & graues I fynde not els in them but powder
wo:mes / tenche and lothsonnes. Suche as I am now
they were but lately. & suche as they be I shall be hasted
ly. What am I. A man made of lothson and fyldy ma-
ter turned in to fleshe / wepyng and waplyng put in to
apple of this worlde. And loo now I dye full of wretched-
nes / abhorracion and fyldy / and hasted I shall be pre-
sented before the strete iudge to gyue a counte and rekes-
myng of my werkes. Who shall be to me wretched whan
the daye of dyde full iudgement shall come / & the booke
shall be opened wherin all my purpos / desyres / and
thoughtes shall be reherced in the presence of almyghty
god. Then shall I stande quakyng and tremlyng in
the iudgement before our lord / castyng downe my heid
as gretly abashed in my conserunce whan I remembre
myn vnyndnes & crespaces / and whan it shall be sayd
of me / beholde this man and his werkes. Then shall I
haue in mynde all my duryngs and syntes. for by the pro-
uydence & vertus of almyghty god it shall be so ordyned
that every mannes good dedes and culle shall be redus-
ced & called agayne to his mynde / & they shall be shewyd
with a mtruasious stowstes / that his knovlege may
accuse & excule his conserunce. And thus shal every man
be iudged / for every man shall be iudged of his dedes / &
every mannes freres and pccytes shall be shewyd to
every man / suche as we wyll not for shame confesse / it all
be shewyd to all men. And all that ever we colour here by
dysprincpcion / shall be brenned therewith p vngurable

Mdry. f. Bcr.

B 1

gamb of fyre. for the cruell & wood fyre shall be let loose &
crysse at lyberty. And þ longer that our merciful lord
abpoeth vs & of his grete gracie gyuereth vs space to
amende our lyfe. the more straunger shall be punyshe vs
þy ryghtwyses. þ we wyl not amende. Wherefore loue
we than so moche & couepte the lyfe of this woldē in the
whiche lyfe the lenger we contynue and abyde the more
cypill we do & synne. And the lenger that we lyue þ more
blame we deserue. for cypill chyges & shrewdnes increase
and growe dayly & good chyges beu withdrawn. Than
is in contynual batayson & chayng now in prosperite
now in aduersite & more not whan þy deth he shall be put
þereto. for lyke as a sterre with þyght beimes mouely
swifly & sodernly many thynghs alwaye & as a spredder of
fyre is quenched & turned to a lilles. so doth this bodily
lyfe as we may well se if we take heede. for whan a man
liveth merly in this woldē & trusteth so longe to endur
re dypsolth & ordyneth many thynghs to be done in pro
cess of longe tyme. sodernly he is taupshed with deth &
þnware without preuydon he is taken fro the body.

CHow a sensfull soule is bereed and troubled after
her departinge fro the body.

C. vii.

Whan the soule with grete fere & moche sorrowe is
departed fro the body. aigels come to take her &
to present her before the ferfull Judge. And than shal
membringe her swyl & wyched warkes the whiche she
dord by nyght or daye trembleth & quaketh & loketh hold
þe myght escape of fere and desyreþ trewose sayings. O
gðue me space thought it be but an houte. Than shal the
warkes as in maner of spesþge lape. Thou hast wrought

ys/ we hem thy wretches / we shall not lese not/ but abyde
yhill with the 3 go with the to the iudgement. And they
shall accuse her of many synnes & trespasses/ & shall fynde
many falso wytnes agaynst her/all though true wytnes
were suffycyent to her dampnacyon. The euyll sendes
with feresfull loke and terryble couitance shall fere her
and pursue her with greate cruce and woodnes / & shall
catche her with greate drede & feare and holde her yhill / if
she be not deliuered from them by the helpe & securit of
our lord. Than the soule beholdinge þ open the mouth
and other bodily wytnes closed and fycle / by whom she
was wont to palle forth to take her spottes and pleasure
in worldy thynges. Shall returne to her selfe. And whan
she falleth heleske alone isthe naked withoutt body / smyt-
ten with greate feare and drede. She shall sayle in her selfe by
Despeyr. And bycause she folyll, clly leste the loue of god
for the loue of the world and fleschly pleasure / she shall
be forsaken of our lord like a wretche in that iyme of so
greate nede of helpe. And shall be deliuered to the deuyls
to be punysshed and turmented cruelly for her impidades
¶ On this wyle is the soule of a spynne not knowynge
the daye ne the houre of his passyng / taunþyd with
deth / and sparrid and departid fro the body / and item
blynge and quakynge / she passeth of her Journey full of
frownde and wretchednes. And haunȝe none excuse to
allegge and shewe for her synnes / she trembleþ for feare
and drede to appere before almyghty god / she is smyt-
ten with greate and wonderfull feare and vexed with ma-
ny troublous thoughtes / whan at her departyng fro
the body (all oþer thynges set asyde) she considereth
eneþ her selfe / and hym to whom the iyme diþ with
mynþ that she must gyue accomptes and a crissyng.

Thou knowest that he may never be declyned ne chaynged
from ryghtwryghtnes. He considereth well how straunger
a judge shall sit on her, & what reasons she shall alledge &
put for her discharge in couencyng of her lyfe at so straunger
a iudgement, and of so precious iustyce. And though it
be so that she remembre no thyng, ne fynde in her selfe
ony offrase wherof she sholde be akerde and dredfull. Yet
whan she shall come before that straunger Judge she feteth
therre be somwhat that is not in her remembraunce. Her
fere & dredde emreaseth and wereth the more. Whan she
obmorth that she coude not escape that tyme of this lyfe
without synne. And also suche werkes as she chynketh
to be good & commendable that she hath done in her lyfe, yet
they be not all faulter yf ther sholde be straunger iudged,
yfre a mercy set aspde. Who can consydere & call to mynde
how many euill werkes we do by processe of lytell tyme.
And what good chynges we by our necligrace leue bne
done. Worke lyke as it is synne and trespase to do curill.
So it is a myll and defaute to leue good chynges bndone
And so it is greet herte & perill to us whan we never
do well ne thynke well. But suffre our mynde to be occu
pyed aboure trespases and chynges that ben baryng and
unprofitable. Sochly u is full harde to kepe our mynde
surely from curill thoughts, it is also very harde to be
morte occupied in worldy chynges without synne. And
therfore therre can no man iudge a rebuke hymselfe per
lyly. For he is so moche occupied and troubled with so
many thoughts that he in a maner knoweth not hym
selfe, so that he knoweth not well what he doth or sus
pecteth. Wherfore he is syncten with sodeyne fere & dredde
in his conuience at his passage out of this woldre. For
though he fynde no chyng to his knowlege that greeveth

bis conscience / yet he dyeth such changes as he knoweth not / ne hath in his remembrance.

COf the dignite and noblesse of mannes soule. Of the wretchednes of the body. And how wretched the soule is made by the body. Capitulo. iii.

O Thou soule of man adourned with the image of god made faire and beautifull with his similitude / spoused and wedded to hym by fayre / emboured with his holy spirite / redemped with his precious blode / deputed and sent to be kepte with his blissted angells / partener of his Joye and bisse / the embrytour of his goodness / endued with reason and understandinge. What pleasure hast thou to be so conuersant with the vyle body / wherby thou suffest so moche gretuance / tribulacion & paine By the body thou art punyshed for the synnes of other / and thou arte brought to nought & reputed a thynge in vaine & of lytell valure. That carcas that thou louest & cherishest so moche / & with whome thou arte so conuersant is foule and lothlym matter turned in to scithe / concered with freyle & vnsute beaute / and hastly shal be synlynge & rotten carpon and mete to wormes. for though man craite and magnyfye hymselfe never so moche / yet he abydeth still a foule and vncleane carcas. Certaynlyf thou consider well what fyldh awydeth by thy mouth / thy nose & other partes of thy body / thou sal deseuer a fouler dunghill. yf thou wylte nombre and conice all his wretchednes / how gretously it is oppresed with þ hevy burden of synne / boide and steted with byces / moued & stered with concupyscence / traauayled and troubled with dyuers pallyngs & affeccyons / defouled with illulysions /

ever prone & ready to ruyll and hasty to euery wryce / thou
chaire forde it full of shame and confusyon. Through the
flesche man is made like to banyte / for though it be in
fierce with the wryce of concupyscence and bnesfull desyre /
wherby he is kepte as thral in bondage / a made so cro-
bed that he loueth banyte / and worketh wryctenes.

Con the mystery and wretchednes of man in his
concupysinge his birth his lyfe and his deth. Of
the noblesse of the soule. And of the sodayne my-
ches of wrycked men.

Capitulo. v.

Man take heede what thou wert before thy natu-
re. What thou art fro thy begynnyng unto thyne
endyng. And what thou shal be after this lyfe. O man
thy self with a lothson mater / afterward a synkynge sacke
full of dungue / & at the last herte to wormes to gnatoron
in the grounde. Now sholdst thou be proude. Soothly thou
werte syght as nought / than thou made a brought forth
of vryle and fylly mater / wrapped in vncleane clothyng
& garmentes in thy mothes womb / where thou werte
sedde & nourysched with a foule lothson mater. And thy
cote was not very honest ne pleasaunt. Thus cladde and
nourysched came thou to vs / and yet þ hast not in mynde
how vryle and wretched thy begynnyng was. For braute
faour of people / yOUTH / and ryches make the that thou
knowest not what man is / the whiche is not els but foule
and synkynge mater / a sacke of dungue / & synnally worm-
es mete. Wherof than is man proude that is conceyued
in synne / a brought forth with payne / lyuyng in moche
labour & v-rayson / & synnally must nedes dye. Thus is
man turned into vermyn / stench & abomynacyon. And

every man is turned in to no man. Wherefore than arte
thou proude man cōfider p̄uge that thou wete sanguine
bryle and fowle sede and blode coagulac̄e in thy mother's
wombe. Afterwarde brought forth / incoparbed and put
to wretchednes of this lyfe / to synne / and fynally shall
become wormes a mete to wormes in thy graue. O thou
dust and pouder / wherfore art thou proude that art con-
cepced in synne / brought forth with wretchednes / iuyce
in paine and iuydacyon / a shalke dye with anguylle
and veracyon. Whereto sedest þ thy carc̄as so delþeously
with precyous metes / and sournest it with so gaye a pre-
cyous garimentes / the whiche within certe dayes shall
fede wormes in the sepulcre / and leuest thy soule naked / a
bare of vertues and good werkis / that is to be presented
tofore almyghty god and his blyssed aungelis in heuen.
O why letteth thou so iutell p̄ice by thy soule / and ches-
tysllest more thy body than it. Sothly it is gret abus-
yon the maystresse lady to serue and to be kepte in sub-
iectyon / and the handmen to rule and haue dominacyon
for sochly all the worlde may not be estened and repus-
ted ryghtfully to the balunce / p̄ice of one soule. for our
lorde wold not gyue his lyfe for all the worlde / the whis-
che he gaue for mannes soule / therfore the p̄ice of the
soule is grete / what comutacyon and change than shalt
thou gyue for thy soule / that gyuest it for nought. Dyd
not the sone of god restynge in the bosome of his fath̄er
descende from his regal sete to deliuer her fro the power
of the deuyll / the whiche whan he sawe tyed and fetterid
with shires of synne / and in poynt to be lost / devoured
with fendes / & dampned to perpetuall deth / he had pyte
on her / & wepte for her that coude not wepe for her selfe / &
not onely wepte / but suffred hymself to be slayne to t̄

demher with the rauson of his preuous blode. O thou
man mortall beholde how preuous an oblatyon was
gyuen for the. Take heide man a vnderstaide how moche
noble by soule is / and how gretuous het wondres were/
for whose helth it behoued Chyfst that was god & man
to be so gretuously wounded. Yf they had not ben mortall
wondres a of dech euerlastynge / the sone of god sholde ne
uer haue suffred dech to hele them. Beware therfore that
thou vrypende not and set at lytell the hurte & Payne of
thy soule of whome thou seest that hygh maiestie of god
hauie so gret compassyon. He mourned & wepte for the
worpless soule wallengyng every night with com
plainte of herte & plene of feres. He hidde his preuous
blode for the. Shede thou thyng for hym by dayly purgash
inge of thy body. Whiche syth thou mayst not spende at
ones by martyrdome or dech for the loue of hym. At the
leest waye spende it by more easie / but by more lengre
martyrdome. Take noo heide ne regarde not to the vns
ferfull concupyscence of thy flesche / but by the ghostly des
ir of thy soule. O how gloriouſ shall the soule be when
it shall turne to his lord / if it be not defouled with the
flesche / but bath washed awaye all fylth / and is made
pure and cleane. Peraventure thou wylte saye that this
is a harde thyng. I can not despysse the worlde / & hate
myne owne body. I praye the tell me where be þ louers
of the worlde þ somerme dwelled amonge vs / of whome
there remayneth not but pouder & wormes. Take good
bede what they be now / and what they were somtyme.
They were men as thou arte / eate / dranke / and made me
ep / and spended thyd daries in pleasure / & in a moment
they be descended to the p̄t of hell / and here they
dys b̄en depurced to wormes / and they b̄owles to hote

þyse vnto such tyme as they felawþypped and forned
togider agayne in an unhappy company, be put to certe
lastynge tyme, the whiche were felowes in synne and wyrk
bednes, for lyke as they were knyfes togider in one myll
and pleasure in synne, so shall they be punysshed with ly
ke Payne. What bath profyted them bayne gloþ. Wher
myrþ, woldlyþ powet oþ dominacion, fleschelyþ pleasure
false and vnsure rychesse, grete houſhólde & wþcked com
cupyscence. Wher eis theyþ myrþ, wher eis theyþ playe
and sportes, wher eis theyþ voste, wher eis theyþ pþpde.
Beholde what sorowe & wretchednes cometh of so grete
myrþ and gladnes. What garene foloweth so grete gles
sace, cheþ been fallen from joye & myrþ in to grete my
chese and bygh tormentynge. And lyke as it befell to
them, so it may befall to the. For thou art a man, erþ
made of erþ. Man cometh of erþ, of erþ thou art, of
erþ thou lyuest, & in to erþ thou shalte be turned whan
thy last daye cometh, the whiche shall come hastly, and
perauenture it shall come this daye. Oþ syþ we ben but
fylþ and dungue and erþ, the whiche shal cutne to erþ
How oþ wherof may we be pþoude.

COf the deth, and also of the paynes of wþcked
men after theþ deth.

Capitulo. vi.

Certayne it is that thou shalte dye, but it is vncer
tayne whan, how, oþ where. For deth maketh hym
redy agaynst hym in euery place. And þt thou be wþse thou
wylte alwaye make the redy agaynst hym wher soeuer
thou be. Of all thynge that ben vncertayne, there is
none more vncertayne than is the houre of deth, & there
is no thynge more certayne than deth is. For deth is sure

and undoubteid / but the houre of deeth is preuy and knowen. If thou lyue after the fleshe thou shalte be purifid in the fleshe. If thou desye preuous clothynge vermyn shal be strewed vnder the sof freshenes of thyn araye / a thyn couerpaynt shal be wormes. He that louth batte modly thynges than god glotony better than absence / foloweth the devill / & shall go with hym in to curtaisynge paynes / but if he amende. What mournynge comest thou / what sorow a heupnes shal be whan wicked people shal be departed fro the blisid company of captes fro the spight of god / & shall be taken in to the handes of drups / and go with them in to curtaisynge hys / where they shal abyde full without ende in sorowe and waylyng. Soothly they banisched a outlawed ferre fro the blisid countee of patadyse / shal be turmented in perpetuall paynes of hell. They shal never se lyght / ne never haue scour ne rest chyng / but by thousandes thousandes peres they shal be curvate and cruelly turmented in hell / and shal never be deliuered fro thens / where the turmentour is never dety / & he that is turmented shal never dye. The fyre wasteth & punyssheth there on such maner / that it cuet reserueth dampned people. The tormentynge ben done on such wyse / that they are ever renued. For euery man that is dampned shal suffre Payne in hell accordyng to his synnes. And those synnes that be lyke / shal be punysshed with lyke Payne. Noo thynge shal be herde there but wepyng / syghynge / sorrowynge / waylyng / mournyng / & gnashynge of teche. There shall nought be seen but vermyn tochir and ferfull faces of tormentours / and the foulest and moost vgly felawshyp of fendes. Cruell wormes shal gnawe within the herre. There is excedyng sorowe /

abominable stenche / waylunge / confusyon / wonder / &
huge fete / and wretches shall brenne in euerlastynge fy-
re alwaye without ende. They shall be cruciate and tur-
mented in body with spie / and in soule with the worme
of consciencie. There shall be sorowe intollerable / incom-
parable stenche / and horryble deth. Deth bothe of body
and soule / without hope of mercy and forgyuenes. But
they shall so dye that they may euer lyue / and they shall
so lyue that they may euer dye. Thus mannes soule is
tumented euermore in hell for his synnes / or elles put
in paradise for his mercites and good dedes. Chose we
than one of these twayne / eyther to be turmented euer-
more with wycked people / or els euer to Joye and make
mercy with holy sayntes. Sothly bothe good and euyll /
lyfe and deth be put before vs / that we may extende and
put forth our handes whether we wyll. And yf it be so
that that dredefull turmentynges make vs not aferde /
at the leest waye let the grete rewarde of Joye exerte &
stere vs to goodnes.

COf the rewarde of blyssed soules. Ind of the
Joyes of heuen.

Capitulo. vii.

The rewarde of blyssed men ben to beholde god /
to lyue with god / & to lyue of god / to be with god /
to be in god / & to haue god that is moost noble and soule
rayne goodnes. There is perkyte felicite / perkyte myrr
and Joye / very lyberte / perkyte charite / perpetual furete
and fure perpetuite. There is very and true gladnes / of
cunnyng plenteousnes / all beaute & faynes / & all beati-
tude & blyssfulnes. There is contynuall peas / trouth / cha-
rite / euerlastynge lyght / vertue & honeste / inestymable

Joye a myrth exceedinge sweetnes / & lyfe without ende
eternal glory laude quicke rest loue / sweete concorde &
boun. In this blysse shall he abyde euermore w/out lordes
in whose conseyce shall be founde no spynce he shall be
holde bym at his owne lyberte he shall haue hym to his
grette pleasure & sweetnes and he shall be knyghte to hym
in loue to his grette myrth and gladnes. He shall lyue in
eternite shre in trouth and Joyc in gladnes. And lyke
as he shall haue in abydinge perpetuite so he shall haue
eternite & knowlge without dyffyculte o; hatnes / &
in perpetuite all rest curiaſyng felycitet. Sothly he shall
be the cytelyn of that holly cyte whiche aungels ben cytes
syns where almighty god the father is the temple and
bis four the lyght a the holly ghost is the loue & charite.
O heuensky cyte a lare manforn / a courte conternyng
certythynge pleasant & delectable Wherof the people
lyve without styrfe o; gruchyng / the dwellers lyue in
quietnes and rest / where men suffre none indygence ne
scarfnes. O thou cyte of god hooly gloriouſ thynge are
spoken of the. All that ruck dwell in the / dwell in perpe
tuall Joye & felycitet. All ben Joyfull of our lordes / whose
countenaunce a cheere is meke / whose face is fayre a braw
reous / a speche very sweete & delycitous. He is pleasant to
ſe / sweete to haue a kepe / & delycitous to loue. He is ynough
of hymſelfe ſully to please & content vs. And also of hym
ſelfe is a ſuffycyent rewarder for our merites. Theris
no chyng desyred beſyde hym / for what ſomewer is desy
red is loude in hym. It is grette lykyng & pleasure euer
more to beholde hym / euermore to haue hym / & euermore
to delire in hym / & to be ioyned & knyghte to hym euermore
in perfeſſion. The vnderſtandynge is made cheere in hym
And the desyde is putysched to knowle & loue trouth. And

Is all the good and welth of man that is to knowe a loue
his maker. ¶ What greate sorow chan and madnes causid
us to despise the bytternes of byces, & to folde petylls
of this wrold, to suffre the unforunes of this unstable
lyfe. And to be subiecte of the wrycked tyranny of þ dreyll
and coueyte not rather to flee to the blyssed compaþy of
saintes a felycite of aungels, to the solempnite & feest of
heuenly gladnes, and to the Joye & sweetnes of contem-
platyfe lyfe, that we may entre in to þ kyngdome of our
lorde, and se chaboundant rychesse of his goodnes. There
we shall rest in easie, & we shall se how sweete our lorde is,
and how plentious the multytude of his sweetnes is. We
shall se þ beaute of eternall glori, the brigthnes of sain-
tes, the honout & worshyp of þ regall magistre. We shall
knowe the power of the father, the wysdome of the sone,
and the moost benignyng goodnes of the holy ghost. And so
we shall haue knowledge of the holy Trinitie. We se now
bodyly thynges by the body. Also we knowe the sym-
ylitude of bodily thynges by our soule. But than we
shall se that soþfast trewh with clere syght of our soule.
O blyssed and happy syght to se almyghty god veryly in
himselfe to se hym in vs, & to se vs in hym in blyssedfull
Joye and Joyfull blyss. We shall haue all that euer we
shall desyre, so that we shall not lust to despise any more.
We shall be blyssed with sweetnes & loue of hym and deli-
ciousnes of beholdyng hym. The noblenes of the hysgh
felycite shall be whan the clere godhede shall be knownen
in his pure beyng, and than shall be comprehended and
knownen clerely the blyssed Trinitie that is incomprehens-
ible. The preuytees of þ godhede shall be shewed open-
ly, very god shall be seen & loue. And that syght and loue
fulfyllyng all the herte of man, shall be the hole petylls

open of that felycite a blysse. One tongue shall be comyn
to all mynch without berynes. one desyre a everlasting
geloue. Treuthe shall be shewed cleerly. charite shall re
plenyshe. 3 bothe y body & the soule shall be fully sarvate
Manhede gloriysyd shall synne as the sonne. There shall
be restfull helch concorde of body & soule. Anges & men
shall joye togidre in one Joye. Spkes togidre one spriche
and be felidre all in one feest. The soule shall not sayle me
be made leste. There shall be no sorow ne Payne for dyng
leettynge of thynges despised but all good thynges be pres
ent. for the blyssed presence of the mageste of almyghty
god is all thynges to them all & cōcernewth them fully in
all that they desyre. His power that is almyghty. Wys
dom. pras ryght doynes and understandinge shall be
comyn to all. In that perpynall peas shall be no dyvise
sute of tongaes or language but a pralyce & a greable
concord of maners & desires in the fode of that pleasure
the appetite hysped & sarvate with plentoufnes shall be
fyre no more there shall be so moche felycite a blysse. for
there shall be the hepe or ynglyf of felycite a blysse espec
uallye Joye and mynch and plentuous gladnes.

C Who is able to haue the Joyes of heuen. **C. viij.**

B ut who is he that is apte and conuenient to these
Joyes. settyngh that he is a true penitent. a good
obedyent. a louely fronde and a farrfull scruator. A true
and perfyte penitent is euer in sorow and laboure. he
sorroweth for his synnes that ben present and also that
ben past. And laboureth dyrgently that he may beware
and shone synnes to come. for very true and perfyte pen
itent is to sorow for synnes without scaunge. He

forsooth for his spnes that he hath done that he do ne
comyse no more such synnes as he ought to forswere and
brayke for. for he is not very penitent ne forswefull
whicher doeth and commyseth continually such offens
ces as he ought to be penitent and forswefull for. Ther
fore if thou wylte be vertely and perfyly penitent crase
of synne / and be in wyl and purpose no more to synne.
¶ A good obedyent submyteth his wyl / and is refusyn
ge for lese or for lethe / and gryeuth hym self unto our low
de god / that he may lufe. Myne herte is redy good loude
myne herte is redy / it is redy to do what someret thou
comaunderest it / it is redy with a beckenyng to obey re
dyly at thy biddynge. And so it is redy good loude to let
me the to mynselfe and helpe my neyghbours / to kepe
well my selfe / and to rest in contempnacpon of heuenly
thynges. ¶ A good and an amiable or a louely friende
is dylygent and scrupable to all / and noyous or grefuous
to none. He is dylygent and scrupable / for he is deuoute
 unto god / benygne and gentilly to his neyghbour / and
sobre to the woldre. He is the seruaunt of our loude god /
friende of his neyghboure / and loude of the woldre. He
hath heuenly thynges that ben aboue hym to Joye in /
thynges that ben equal to hym to felawshyp and com
pany with / and thynges vnderneath hym to serue hym.
He is noyous or grefuous to none / but he dresseth and or
deyneth loue thynges to the profyte of mydwarde thyng
es / and to the honout and worshyp of thynges aboue /
subdued and folowyng heuenly thynges / subduyng &
rulyng ethly thynges. ¶ A saythfull seruaunt is bly in
contemplacpon of god / & kepyng of hymselfe. Therfore
put all thy dylygence to kepe thyselfe well. Than knolyn
ge that thyne owne dylygence may neuer be sufficente to

Repe the without the helpe of god / call for the helpe of our
lorde. Than asse with deuoure prayet the defence & ke
pyng of holy aūgels to beholde in the the good / the plea
sant and perſytte wyl of thy māter. Purchace also with
deuoure prayet þ helpe of all that regneth routh Chyſt
Ierne by eche one ſyngulerly / make thy ſupplycacyon to
them euer y one ſyngulerly / a cōte to them & ſayc. Haue
mercy on me / haue mercy on me / ſpecially þe that ben
my ſtendes haue ruch a pyce on me / receyue a banyſhed
creature / neuertheleſ ſ wolde fayne be your ſruaunt.
Receyue your brother and ſruaunt that fleeth to you for
ſocour / your brother and kyndeman in the blode of our
mercyfull redemer. Beholde a begget ſtandynge at the
doore ſtrange & knockinge. Open þe and lede hym to the
kyng / that I proteſte and conchyng leue at his ſete
may ſhelde to hym all my watchdones and neſſetrees
that I ſuffre. ¶ At the laſt ſhewe thy herte with all the
progeny & knynges therof to thy piſtale / and let no ſonne
abyde in the that is not put awayne by þare and cleane con
fession. Who put Iesu Chyſt upon thy herte as a ſeale /
and the locke a keſe of thy lyfe / whome Chyſt keþet
the doore of the herte and is poiter therof that all þ houſe
meyny of the herte go in and forth by hym / conſequently
there shall be thouſandes upon thouſandes of aūgels
watchyng and ſpringe at the gaetes of thyne ouwarde
wyres. And therer is no alwaſe and ſtranger to bolde to
breke thole terrible & ſcetfull houſes for reuertence of the
keper & vifher / and for defence & kepyng of aūgels.

¶ A paffyng good leſſon for to increase in vert
ue and goodness. And of charyteable loue of thy
neighbour.

Capitulum.ii.

So that thou be a curpous and a dylygent sercher
of thy helth & dysposycyon. Discusse and examyn
wch chylyfe every daye. Take good heede how moche þ
profyttest & how moche thou lackest and how ferre thou
arte from pure perfeccyon. How thou arte in maners &
condycyons. How in dedes in thy desyres and how lyke
thou arte to god & how lyke. Hold rygh & how ferre
thou arte fro hym not in longe dystaunce of places but in
maners & dysposycyon. Study besyly to knowe thyselfe
for yf thou knowe thyselfe well thou arte better & more
comendable than yf thyselfe unknownen thou knewe the
course of the sterres / the vertues of herbes / the com-
plexions of men / the nature of beestes / & had knowlege
of all chyrnges in heuen / in erth / and in hell. And therfore
rendre tht to thyselfe / and yf it be not alwaye / at the leest
wyse somtyme amonge / rule & gouerne wysely thyne af-
feycyons & desyres. Dielle well thy dedes / and correcte
thyne excesse & myfde / let no chyge abyde within the
unnamid & untaught. Put all thy transgressyons & myf-
dedes before thyne eyen / & ordeyne thyselfe as thou were
an other. And so waple and sozowte thyselfe / wepe for thy
wyckednes & synne wherwch thou hast offended almygh-
ty god / & shewe to hym thy wretchednes. Shewe to hym
also the malyce of thyne aduersaries and enemys. And
whan thou offrest and presentest thyselfe before hym in
teres / I praye the rememb're me. for sothly lyth I had
knowlege of the in Christ / I loue the / and desp're & bete
with me the menyon and remembraunce of the chydet
wherwch full thoughtes deserue turmentyng / & help
and honest thoughtes deserue rewardes & mede. Whan
I praye I stande as a preest at the awter of god / & thereto
haue mynde on the. Sothly shou quytest me yf thou loue

me / a make me patternet of thy prayres / & deuoute oþres
sons / I praye the let me be present with the in remem-
braunce / therre as thou syddest deuoute prayres before
our lordre for the and thy famlyer and domely frendes.
Metryple not though I sayd / let me be present / for þ
thou loue me bycause I am the vimage of god / I am as
present to the as thynne owne persone / for þ same thynge
that thou arte / I am. Worlly curry reasonable soule is
the vimage of god / therfore he that leketh the vimage of
god in hymselfe / leketh as well his neyghbour as hym
selfe. And he that syndeth it in seþyng in hymselfe / per-
ceyued and knoweth it in curry man. Worlly the spght
and perceyvance of the soule is the understandyng &
knowlege. Therfore þ thou se thyne owne persone / than
thou seest me that am the same thynge that thou arte.
And þ thou loue god / thou louest me that am the vimage
of god. And I in louyng god loue the. And so wylle we
seke one thynge and go towarde one thynge. Let us al-
ways be present togyder in our selfe / that is to saye / in
god in whome we loue togyder.

CHow we sholdre praye / loue / and worshyp god /
and chynges on hym.

Capitulo. x.

Whan thou entredst into the churche to prayre and to
worshyp god / leue without the heþe of flowinge
thoughtis / and forgette þerelþ curc a charge of all oure
warder thynge / that thou mayst take heþe to god onely.
For it may not be that a man spreþ ony tyme with god / þ
talketh or chattereth soþly with all the worlde. Therfore
þyng attens / take heþe to hym that gryueth attens
daþer / I take heþe to the. Here whan þy spaketh to the

that he may graciously here whan thou spekest to hym.
Thus it shall be yf þe apply thy selfe besyly to the louunge
of our lorde with due truernesse & dylygence. yf thou at-
tende and take heede dylygently to every woorde of helpe
scripture. I sayc not that I do these thynges my selfe,
but I wolle fayne do them. and I am sorry that I haue
not done them in tymes past. and it greteth me that I
do them not now. But thourto whome is graunted more
grace. be the meete ettes of our lorde to the with deuoute
prayers. Glare to hym lowly and deuoutly with ettes &
lyghynges for remissyon and forgyuenes of thy synnes.
and loue and glorie hym in all his werkis with spicys
tuall and ghostly songes. for there is no present of gyfte
more lykynge and pleasaunt to the hysgh clysternys of hes
men. Also there is no gyfte more acceptable and Joyfull
to the hysgh kyng of heuen as hymselfe bereth wytnes
sayenge. The sacrefyce of claude and praysonge shall ho-
nour and worshyp nyc. O how happy sholdest thou be yf
thou myght ones se with thy ghostly even the pleasaunt
orde of the heuenly company. how prynces ioyned with
the holy felawshyp of blyssed vitgyns. come to the pray-
sone and worshypynge of almyghty god with moost
sweete melody. Thou sholdest se withoute doubt. with
how moche dylygence. and with how moche myrth they
abyde amonc vs. whan we loue god assynt and helpe
vs. whan we pray be nigh to vs. in our medyacpons
watche and kepe vs whan we rest. defende and helpe vs
in our prouysons and good labours. Sothly the heuenly
potestatis loue theyr bretherne and neyghbours. they
Joye besyly rogydet for them that recepue the heritage
of heith. and conforteth them. cche them & defende them. a
they prouide to everythone in all thynges. Sothly they

betwix our countreyes to them / for they lote alre to haue
the herte a lote of the countreye rehersall of vs / and ther
for the brygande & hem very gladde to haue us to vs /
they comynly brygande gold a bed / fraychfull & truly
hescyng our countreye a lote to hym / ther purposyn
not to be our felawes / for they ben now made knyghtes
to vs / for makyng hem Joyfull and gladd when we beyn
conuictyd to presence / therfor let vs haue vs to fulfull
them myl Joyc of vs / vno to the whiche comynge thou art
that defyng to bryng a gryme to the kyngyngg Dynas &
fuller kyngyngg / therfor comyn to haue they / fraychfull
the knyghtfull Judgement / fro whom / thon / wylle reue so
muche & so verely / trist to Joyc / ther wylle meche Joyc
whan we comyn to reue / as of them whome they haue
drawen & reuoked fro the gare of knyght / Behold that it be now
of ther le thym departe out of the gare of paradyse & go
backwarde that haue the oure fote in heuen / for though
our bodyes ben bymethe / yet let vs haue our hertes abou
us / therfore let vs renne / not with bodyly streppes / but
with herte / affacions & defyses / for not onely affacions
but also the maker of affacions abydet vs / Almyghty god
the fader abydet vs a lote chilidren & herte to grue vs
mesteryon of all his goodes / Ye sonnes of god abydet vs
as his brotherne and amysours togyder / that he may
offre vs to almyghty god his fader / the fader of his na
tunc / & the pere of his paryous blode / ther blyp ghost
abydet vs / lochlyk herte charite wherun for ben pardelijp
natr / & deuynd to perpetuall blyffe fro the brygande /
In to no doubtte but he wyl that his paryuareyn a oys
brygande be fulfilled / than sych all the hole courte of his
men abydet & defyeth vs / let vs desyre with as fruct
defys as we may / for who somuch defyeth not greatly

to se it. Shall come thereto with grete comfysyon & shamefass-
nes. Therefore who someruer is couersaunt dwelleth and
abpoeth in it with bely prayere and bely medytacion and
thought. Shall go from hens in certe. & shall be receyued
in it with grete gladnes. Therefore where someruer thou
be. praye within thy selfe. yf thou be ffre from an orato-
ry. troubl the not to seke a place. for thou thyselfe art a
place conuenient. yf thou be in thy belynes or in any other
place. praye. and there is a temple. Notly the mynde
ought of certaynes to be lyste by god with bely prayere
and bodily obeyiance. For lyke as therre is no moment of
tyme wher man occuppeth not & nedeth the goodness
and mercy of our lord. so therre ought to be no moment
wher in he hath not hym present in his mynde. But per-
sone sancstre þ wylte saye. I praye dayly. but I se no fruyte
of my prayere. but even as I go to it. so I go from it. for
therre is none þ answereth me. none that speketh to me.
none that gryteth me ought. but me semeth that I haue
laboured in dayne. This is þ soylthe spekyng of man
casyngs no heede what bery fastness promyseth for
prayere. sayenge on this wryte. Notly I say to you wher
someruer ye debyte by prayere. bylyue ye fidelitie that ye
shall haue it. & it shall be done to you. Therefore set not at
lytell thy prayere. for he that thou prayest to setteth it not
at lytell. but he comandeth it to be wrytten in the boke of
lyf before it go forth of thy mouth. And we ought to trust
without doubt one of two thynges. for he shall gyue vs
that we debyte. or elles that he knoweth more profitable
to vs. thynges therfore of god the best that thou mayst. &
of thyselfe the wrost. & yet thou sholdest hope worse of thy
selfe than thou mayst thynges. All þ tyme that þ thyngest
not on god. coure it as lost fro the. Other thynges belongeth

þ cop. L. Bet.

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toother than vs. but tym is ouer ouerly therfore watche
well. & abyte somerlyt thou be/be thyng owne. & spende
tyme well. and thou shalze be therre in surete. Sayc not
thy selfe to mynchaynges. but lise them to the profyte
of thy soule. In bat place somerlyt thou be in dresse well
thy thoughtes. & remoue some holosome thynges in thy
soule. for folysh yong place is apte & convenient to good
thoughtes a modyfaciong. Therfore gadet togyder thy
soule with a hole fayre and Joye. & abyde at lybette in
thynges inwardes habytacyon. & walkynge in the largesse
of thynges herte. make syb therin unto Chyest a resyng
place and a large chamber. for the mynde of a wryte man
is alwaye to god. We shold haue hym alwaye before our
eyen. by whome we haue our bryng. our lyfe & undet.
Sandynge. for lyke as we in our beryng haue hym as
auctor & maker. so yf we shal profyte in wyfdom. we
must haue hym a doctour & a techer. & so we shal be blyf
fed. for must haue hym y gader of mynlastynge blyf. &
in that dor knowe that the ymagynge of hym (that is to saye
that sygh & gloriouse Trinitate) is in vs. for lyke as he is
in bothe yong & good. so we in our maner haue a beryng
and knowe that we haue a beryng. & art gladde that we
haue that knowlede. Therfore ble thy selfe as a temple
of god. for that he is in thy selfe to god. Worshyp chche benevol
and worshyp to god is to worshyp a folowe hym. yf thou
be micle. thou folowest hym. for sochly the mynde of a
micle man is a holpe temple to our lord. & his herte is a
cheche auctor to hym. Thou worshyppest hym yf he were
syfull yf he as he is mynchayffull to all. Worshyp it is an accep
table boche & oblacyon to god to do well to all men for the
lour of Chyest. do all thynges even as the chylde of god.
that thou mayst be acceptable to hym yf he hath bouchesafe

to call the his chylde. In all thynges that þ doest knoste
well a hauis in mynde that almyghty god is present ther
fore beware that neyther thy syght ne thy thought abyde
in vnlethal desiracion or pleasure. And be well wiste that
thou neyther saye ne do thynges that is vnlethal for no ma
ner of pleasure or lphyng/leest þ offend god in any deede
or in any token thereto the whiche is present in every pla
ce a beholderþ what someruer thou doest. Sochly þ haſt
noſte to be keþe well for thou artt alway before þ eyen
of a Judge that seeth all thynges. Thou artt alway with
þym in urett/þf thou rule thy self so that he bouchefastr
to be with the. þf he be not with the by grace he is myȝt
to the by vengraunce/but woe to the þf it be so with the.
Ye but woe to the þf he be not so with the/for almyghty
god is wrothe with hym that he chasyseth not when he
synnerþ. For hym that he amendeth not by correccyon/
he suffreþ to perisshe in euillastynge dampnacion.

COf mannes herte. And of profyte in redyng of
holy thynges.

Capitulo. vii.

Certaine it is that deuth dwelleþ the in every place
The deupill layeth wachte to take thy soule when
it is departed fro the body. But for all that be thou not a
frude. for almyghty god þf thou be his seruante shall des
lyuer the bothe fro deuth and fro the deupill. God is a true
and a faythfull fronde/ he forſaketh not them that trust
in hym/but þf he be forſaken before. Sochly he is leſte
and forſaken whan the herte remmeth with a waertynge
and vnstable mynde by shewde a vnyþofytale thought
tes. Therfore we ought to keþe it well to holde it a rule
it well with grete besynes & diligencie/ that almyghty

god may be in them. For among all creatures which are
that ben occupied with worldy banynge / therer is
no thinge soð or moðe þyngē and noble / and moðe lyke to
god than is the berre of man. Wherefore our lorde letereth
es desyred none other chyngē of che but a cleare berre /
þerfore make y purte a cleare by purte a cleare confessyon /
þerfore þyngē that thou maye se god with a cleare berre by
consciencial beholdinge of hym / so that thou be subiecte
consciencie and attendancie to hym in every place. ¶ Ymme
to al thy maners a condicōn that thou mayst be quyte
and certayn in thy selfe. Loue all men / and behauie che as
unpayable goodly to all men / that thou mayst be peacable
and certayn / and che chyngē of god. ¶ Nowe thou shalte be a
good and a helpe / make a true monke. And when thou
art busched / I praye the remembre me. Nowe is me for
I have these boþges / and I do them not / þe I do them
unwyllyng / I peruerre not a abode in them / I haue these
boþges / and kepe them not in my lyfe / I haue them to
boþges / and leþes / but in maners I sheme the lator of
god all day in my berre / a mouth / but I do cōtaryn them
to / I do in it boþes of religyon / þe prayer / a / I loue more
redyng than prayere / nevertheless the scripture of god re
þerly no redyng but to leþe religyon / to loue loue / to
haue charite / but I wacheth more rather to redyng than
to prayere / I haue more pleasure to redyng than to heare
mass. ¶ Item ymme somer man carpeth for me / desyred
to speke with me for his necessittees / þe I take a boþe that
he oþ he wold haue a rede theron / and in redyng theron
leþe the scripture of charite / the affeccion of pyce / the tates
of conuincyon / the profyte of masses / a / the contempla
cion of beþing thynges. ¶ Item ymme there is no thyng
in this lyfe that seþoweth sweter / no thynges is more

greely taken, nothinge sparreth to the mynde from the
tempide / no thyngē strengtheneth the soule so agaynst the
temptacions / no thyngē exerceth a helpe to a man so to
good welle and good labour as readinge and prayere.

Confessynges and bishablesnes of the mynde
and thoughts. Capitulo. xii.

Chode lordē haue mercē on me / for I syne therē
moost wherē I sholdē make amedes for my sym-
mes. Ofte tymes whan I praye in þe chiche / I take no
bede wherē I saye / sochly I praye with my mouth / but
whyle my mynde is bewayng without I lese the fruyte
of my prayer. My body is within / but my herte is with-
out / and therfore I lese that I saye. for if prospetly I tel
to syng onely myn boþce / without the intentioun of herte
And therfore it is greti puerice a scowardnes / ye a mo-
che folys / a gretly to be ioþed / whan we presume to speke
with the lordē of mageste in prayer / and lyke as we had
no wytte oþ understanþinge we cutne awaþ our erres /
and turne our herte and mynde to inconuenable fables /
tryfles. for it is an outrayous folys and gretuously to be
punþished / whan moost lyke a folchly dust besprengeth to
bere the maker of hem / and sprengeth to hym. Soch-
ly therē can no tonge expesse the iuñtiaice a gretynnes
of our maker / a merryfull lordē / that dayly beholderþ us
wretches turynge away our erres / cloþyng our herte
helles. And yet for all that he cryþ to us sayenge. O ye
lymers turne agayn a remembre your selfe / take heþe a
se / for I am god. God forþetþ to us in psalmody and I to
hym. And yet whan I saye the psalme I take no bede of
whome the psalme is. Therfore I do grete folys and

change to god / whan I praye hym to lice clere prayere /
the whiche I my selfe thac bryde ic her com. I praye hym
to lase herte to me / & soothly I my selfe take myn herde
to my selfe me to hym. But I do thac thac us moche worse
for I lase toforde his lyghte abhomynable stench & fulle
whyle I revolue in my herte fowle thynges a bryngynge
blis. There is no chynge in me moche unfeable and moche
feyngethan is my herte / the whiche as ofte as ic leuer
me & remneth for me by cuyll thought / so ofte ic offendeth
god. Myn herte is a bryng herte an unfeable & unfeare
ble whan ic lase by his owne arbytment & lacketh
the helpe of god / ic may not be fedaist in ic selfe / but of all
mowable thynges ic is moost mowable / of all brytable
thynges moost brytable ic is brytable and witholden
by infynyt chynges / and remneth byther & chyngeth by
innumerablie wayes. And whan ic leuer ic amone
dyuerse chynges in syndeth none / but abydeth syll yke
a wretche in labour / bryde of rest. It cocodeth not with
ic selfe / but drifodeth from ic selfe. It suspereth from ic
selfe / ic alereth and chaungeth che wryll / ic chaungeth
coulseyle / ic edyscerb a bryngeth newe chynges / belyngeth
olde chynges / bryldeth agayne that ic hage destroyed / &
yet ic chaungeth agayne & cste boone / & opereþ aferward
the same toþges ofte synnes on other faysons. For ic know
and wryll not / & so ic lareþ never in one estate / but lyke
as a myll remneth aboure swipere & forswiker / no chynge
but gryndeth what someret is put therin / and yf therin
be noȝt þis cherten / ic consumeth a waſter / ic selfe. Soo
is myn herte alway myn herte & never resteth / but biler
þer. I lese oþer wales ic is alwaye brynginge a chynking
what someret cometh thereto / & lyke as graund oþer lande
þt ic be put into a myll / herte / & waſter / ic / and þyngis

and with it soule / and chaffi compyng in bryke / so bryke
thougthes trouble my berte / maketh it soule & berte /
chaunging it / unquiete it / & make it wryt. Thus my berte
thougthes is by theri mot / hope to come / and sekerly mot the
hyspe of our lord / it is drawnen ferre fro the loue of hem
by chynges / and is occupied with the loue of earthly thynges.
Whan it myneth fro them and is wrapped in these
banys recepereth it / curysore leorth it / couerþe tyllit
it / plastrake decepteth it / hemþelp lust defouleth it / enuy
betreth it / wyrath troubleth it / trouysers turmeneth it.
And thus by unþappy fates it is dwonned in all thynges /
for it hath leest on god / the whiche myght haue suffysed
it. It wandreth in many thynges / & sekerly betre & therre
wher it may rest / but it fyndeth no thyng that may suf
fyse it self it turne agayne to hym / it is conuerted fro
thought it to thought / & chaungereth by dwyntle desyres
that at the leest wryt it may be fulfylled with the batis
cyon and chaunge of thynges by whiche qualite it may not
be suffysed. Thus unstable is þe wretchednes of mannes
berte / whan the grace of god is withdrawen. And whan
it turneth agayne to it selfe / & dwyntleth all that it hath
thought / it fyndeth nought / for it was noo therre but
thought / that maketh many thynges of nouȝt.

C The cause and also the remedie of unþynges of
the mynde. And of confessyon. Capitulo. xxi.

In this wryt forþy betewyn the þre agynsayson
caused by deceytes of devyls. Almyghty god byde
deth me gyne byyn myne berte. And bycause I am not
obedient to hym whan he commandeth / I am rebell
to my selfe / and therfore I may not subdue me to my

folle tyl I be subiecte to hym gottis my selfe agaynste me
wylle / for whiche wylle not forue hym with my wylle. app
her: whiche wylle in one monthe shal all i wile in the
worlde may make perlyte in one pce. I am not baned
onely with god / and therfore I am deuyded in my selfe. I
may not be baned / & madrone with hym but by charite
be subiecte to hym but by hym selfe / ne I can not be ban
ed my selfe but by truch. Then it is expedient that I do
cuse and crampyn my selfe in truch / that I may knowe
hwo byme / hwo feyle / and hwo fylper a vnsatiable I am.
And to þan I knowe all my wretchednes / it is necessarþ
that I cuse to hym that hath madre me / without whome
I may nouȝt / and without whome I may do nouȝt.
And bycause I wente fro god by synnyng / I may not
cure agayne to hym but by true confessyon. Therfore it
behoueth to confess that that is to be confessid. so / I ne
uer confessid my synnes by the same maner and the same
maner that I sinned / ne I remembere not all / leþa: for
oldnes / a wharf multitude of them. And those cha: I
confessed / I confessid not cleare for foulnes of them. Also
I haue deuyded my confessyon that I myght shewe by
wittle synnes to bywerte prestes. And so I lacked witt
nes that I hoped to haue comyn to by partyes. for it
is a cursed synnyng to deuyde synnes / and pace them a
bour / and pull them not by the tores. Sothip confess
yon is not profitable but þis be in truch of mouth and
cleenes of herte. And that therre may be thre to þis þis
worres in heuen / the fater / the sonne / and the holy ghoos.
Let þis make prestes mynes of our bretheris / mournes
that every woorde may stande in the mouth of two or þre
mynes. þf thou sayst it is nouȝt to me to confess my
synnes to god onely / for the preest may not absoule me

for my synnes. So thys war I, but saynt Jamys and I
with saynt George. Confesse poure synnes one to another. So
it is accordançe that we make by synges haue the church
and freindes to god / make our selfe by confessyon to his
preches and mynystres. And men that was made after
hym in grace / now he may not racouer it when it is lost
but by a man a medyator and meane. Therfore every
synner so sothe & sygh & take fere & dyde for his synnes.
Let hym labour besyly & seke helpe / intercessours and
meanes to praye for hym. Let hym fall downe lame and
mekely to man that wolde not framde meekly myght to his
maket / for that is moost heichfull / that he be penytent &
sory in his herte / and confess his synnes and rebates
with his mouth / that god the whiche before is rygh to
hym by grace to perte his herte to penitence / than be
rygh by myght that he may grue the confesse man for
synnes of his synnes. And yf it be so that penitence
the synner be penytent / and in þ artycle of rede may not
haue confessyon / we ought to bþtrue faythfully that the
þygh þreest fulfylleth in hym that þ mortall myght not.
And in this case it is done and fullfylleth without doubt
anent god that the man truly wolde haue fullfylleth / but
be myght not / for contermpte of desynginge lettes and
withdrewes not þtis confessyon / but neccesarie.

Caccusynge by confessyon of þynges synnes. Ca. viiiij.

In the chappitre wher I ought to haue answered
my synnes / I haue abore and put synnes to þynges
nes. When I accusyd or complained of þt them haue cri-
þt excusid þt hem by some mane of reas / I haue all to
Bþdþ. C. Btt.

godde deuyed them / or elles I haue defensed them / and
answeringe bnaparently and without reason / and that is
worste of all. Wyth this is noo syne to heridurh I am
not somewhat syred / or myght be syred / it is ryght than
all occaſion crimed me / put a waſe / I promesse mykely to
amende how somuer and of whom ſomuer I be accu-
ſed or complained of / that I may therby be defurced
fro ſyntone done a to come. ¶ Take heede here in as well to
the ordre as to the nombre / for we goo conuynly fro leſſe
cuyll to the more. I ſeynge the multytlude of myn owne
ſyntones / haue diſadde to repreue transgrefſyons and cræſ-
pates of other. And therfore I haue ben an auctor of
deth / for I haue not expiiled a thifte out beynyn that
I by due callinge on myght haue pur out. I haue had
indignacpon agaſt them that repreued me of tyces / &
I haue harrd thofe that I ought to haue loued. Thofe
thynges that noyed me o/ dyspleased / I haue defynd
they/ deſtruccpon / & yet I knewe that they were good in
thei/ nature / & kynde / & made of a good maker / but they
were noyſome to me bycause I was cuyll and bled them
cuyll. for therre is no thyng contrarye to me but I my
ſelfe. It is myn whar ſomuer may noye me / and I am
a buttēn to my ſelfe. Also I haue defynd that god shal
de not knowe my ſyntones / o/ that he woldre not / o/ that he
myght not punyſhe them. And ſo I woldre god to haue
be unweſe / bacyghe weſe / & impotent / the whiche yf we
were he woldre not be god. There is no poyde aboue my
poyde. Therfore the woldres of my cræſpates ben ferre fro
my heith. Worlly my poyde is ſuſpette to god / & it may
not be that I with to be turned agaſt to grāce / for they
lodgynge to dypers / & they may not dwell bothe togyder
in one ſoule / the whiche woldre not dwell bothe togyder in

þeuen. Scorþy pypðe began in þretten, but it is as bus
hopnðfull of the wæye þ it fell by, my gðr not turneþ byðer
aſſtwarder. When the app̄e was troublid with wyrre o;
godes, for soþ all tþynges that we receyue to þ use of lyfe
the wîchēs sp̄nne in all tþynges be ſimpliciſ pumpliſ
in all tþynges. I haue often tymeſ at dyuine ſeruice þe
ben my boþer that I mygþe ſp̄nge the ſelect. Often tþy-
mes I haue more pleaſure in meburyng of þ boþer, þan
in compunction of cōfesse. Scorþy almyȝtȝ god fro
þe hevne wone wîth full deðe is byð, deſtructiō no clenesse of
þe hevne, but clenesse of þe hevne, for when þ sp̄ngit is aboute
to pleafe þe peoplē with þis boþer, he prohibeth our loz
to wære w̄ þis ſhamefull maners. I haue often tymeſ
þyngic ſp̄nne a þwæſt, / tþyngic no heðe that he deƿy-
us aþowðward that þis ḡþeſt ſachet may enþope þyin-
gic that þat he deſpyth. I haue often tymeſ deſyred to ge-
tis a credic o; a boþer, o; ſome ſuiche tþyngic of þyell þas-
se, and haue not conſiſed it, for I hoped not it had ben
þonne þycaſe of the þyell badure. But forþy it is þyell
ſeo when the aſſeſſon o; deſp̄te is þyke corrupte, for
þe þyke is not boþer, but the wîthfull appetitie of the
þyke. As golde is not boþer, but þ wîthfull deſp̄te of gol-
de. I haue not traþapid in labouř ſo moche as I mygþe
o; þis þowðe haue done. I haue ben ſo ydle in ſcylence, that
in that ydlenes I thought no profite of my mygþe labouř.
I soughte not þe conſumptiōn of god. Scorþy he

þyngt eth lytell to hyselue that þyngt eth not to other whan
he may. I haue boolded me of ryghtwyses / wenynge
there had ben a ryght grete vertue / wher was a grete
fall of synne. Also I made bysses of vertues. For ryght-
wyses whan he excedeth and passeth his dury and mas-
ter oþ measure engendreth the bysses of cruelte. And ouer
muche ppte & pacience byngeth forþ brekyng of dysci-
pline and wantonnes. And so of enclynes that is bysses /
the whiche some men wene is vertue. Is a remissie / whi-
cheynes / some men wene be melenes. And the vertue
of flouch / fallys seyneth to be the vertue of cupenes and
test. I feryned me to be that that I was not / I sayd that
I wold not / I wold not / I sayd one thyng with my
mouth / and I thought an other with my herte. And so
I heide my wolupþe consciencie vnder a shipes synne
for a wolupþe consciencie is a slacke and sloþe conuer-
sacion / breþly cogytacion / seyned confessyon / shoute and
seldome compunction / obediance withoute drowþon /
þaynt withoute intencion / credyng withoute cōfysyng
and profyte / a seruaunt withoute circumþpecyon and tas-
tyng heþe. O how harde ben these to me that I speke /
for in spekyngt of them I stye myne owne selfe. Ne-
uerthelis þycause I deny not my selfe to be a synner / but
knowe my synne / þeraventure agaynst god that meke
Judge / his knowlege of synne shall purchase me forgy-
nenes. I shall tell þerforþ my wretchednes / þf þeraventure
his grete ppte meue hym / I shall tell the my synne /
þo; the confessyon of synne is the begynnyng of heilþe.
I haue a grete crowne and roude cloþyngt / I kepe the
rule of fastynge / I kepe the houre of setynge / but myne
herte is ferre fro my god. I beholdyng the outward
þynges / deime that all þynges ben safe and well in me /

not felynge the inwarde mynne that gnateth within.
Strangars haue seen and tested my strengthe and I
haue not knownen it / and therfore I walke neare all tyme
betwix these thynges that ben ourwarde / a knocboroughe
myne inwarde thynges / am effusid and fylle as water
and am brought to nought / by thynges past
neglygent of thynges present / not prouidynge thynges
to come / I am unprise to benefites and good dedes
prone and ready to evill thynges / and cleve to good dedes
yf I beholde my selfe only / I se that I am bledme /
and yf I beholde not my selfe only / I smode not my selfe
And whan I beholde my selfe / I may not suffice my selfe
I synde so moche in me that it is worthy rebuke and con-
fusyon / And the ofter and more subtilly that I dyscresse
my selfe / the more abhempnacyon / I synde in remeys of
myne herte / for syth I began to sygne / I coude never
esape one daye without sygne / but I adde and put sygne
nes to sygne / and I haue them before mynne eyen / and
yet I sydowe not / I le thynges that I shold be ashamed
of / and yet I am not ashamed / I beholde thynges to be
forswed / but I sydowe not / that is a sygne of dede and to
ben of dampnacyon / for a membre or lymme that felte
no paynes is dede / And an unesyble bole that is without
felynge is uncurable / I am lyght and wanton / and I
corre not my selfe / but I turne agayne darly to sygnis
that I haue confest / and ben shrywen of / And I lepte
me not fro the dythe whiche is to cythet / I my selfe haue
fallen of this / I haue seen other fall in / And whan I shold
writte and praye for euill that I haue done / and for good
dedes that I haue ben neglygent to do / Alas for somwe
it turneth me contrary / for I haue ben slacke and tolde
from the feruour of prayere / and I abyde colder without

helpinge. And therefore I may not wepe my selfe / for the
grace of god is gone fro me / I may not layne my spyn-
nes. for wherre somewer I go my conscience goth with
me / beryng with it what somewer I haue put therin /
what hit be good or euyll. It kepereth her wyppe I fyne.
And whan I am deed it shall yelde agayne that that it
coket to kepe. yf I do well it is redy at hande. And of me
chynketh I do well and craite my selfe therof / it is not
absent but present. It is present to the lyuyng / it fol-
loweth the deed. And wherre as my Joye is / there is con-
fusyon unseparable / after the qualite of that that is put
and betaken to the conscience. Thus in myn owne hous
and in myn owne houesold I haue accusers / Judges
and tormentours. My conscience accuseth me / mynde
is wyrdes / reason the widge / pleasure the wyppon / diuide
the turmentour / the froward / Despite the turmentryng.
Sotbly as many euyll pleasures as ther be / there
shall be so many turmentrynges. for therwith hit be pyn-
nyshed wherof we haue pleasure.

COf the ghostly enemys / the fleshe / the woldē
and the devyll. And also of ther / tempacyngs / and
resystance agaynst them.

Capitulo. xii.

Delpe me my lordē god / for myne enemys / that is
to lase / the body / the woldē / and the devyll haue
desyred and layde aboute my soule. I may not flee fro
my body / ne chace it fro me / I must nedes carpe it aboute
for it is tred to me. It is not lefull to destroye it. I am
constrained to sustayne it. Whan I fede it / I noucys the
myne enemy agaynst me. yf I etc ynowgo / it be stronge
the heilthe of it is adversary to me. Sotbly the woldē

hath layde aboute & bespiked me on euery syde / & wound-
ed me with his arowes by syue gates / that is to saye /
syue bodily wytches. The eye beholdeth and raymenth the
wyttre of the mynde / the eere hereth & boweth therto the
entent of the herte. Smellinge lettereth cogytacion and
thought / the mouth speketh and often tymes decrywest.
That dour a here of lust for a lytell occasyon is accepted &
freted. And but it be soone lefft & ourtcomen / anone it occ-
cupeth and herteth / brenneth and kyndelath all the bo-
dy. for syill it priceth and tyteth the fleshe a lytell
with thought. Then it defouleth the mynde with fule
desiracion. And at the last it subdueth the mynde to it
by conseruynge to syewones. The devill also whome I
may not se / & therfore I shalde rather be the moore wate
of hym / for he hath bended his bothe wyrte and princi-
pall / hath put therin his arowes to shote at me / hath chas-
ted gylberts and snates for me. And hath layd vno-
thill espye them. He hath put a gylde in golde & silver /
and to all thynges that we mynse / vnothan we ben dray-
ted esyill in them we ben snated. And he hath not onely
layde a snare / but also lyme. Lyme is loue of possesyon /
desyre of cogytacion and thought / conseruynge of weys
of ypp / and pleasure of the fleshe / with whiche the sou-
le is snated / tyned / and tyed that it may not flee by the
wyses of devilly. Spen with the flettes of contumplas-
cion. The arowes of the devill ben / tre / to / a th / enyng /
lechery / and other wherwith the soule is wounded / and
who is he that may quench his sypp dantes. Alas for so-
rothe / a faychfull man is often tymes ouercome with
thes dantes. Theo me / for barayles ben on euery syde /
dantes fles on euery syde. On euery syde ben templay-
ons & perylls. What wape somcurt / I turne there is no

directe to me. And I dredde bothe those thynges that ben
pleasant and that ben displeasant. Bothe hunger and
restance, sleep and watche, laboure & rest figh特 agaynſt
me. Bounde is no leſſe ſuſpete to me than warthe / fo; I
haue ſcandled many in boundyng. And I dredde no leſſe
proprete than aduertife / fo; properous thynges deſ-
cryue me unware with theri ſuertnes. But thynges that
ben unproperous bycause ther haue ſome bitternes /
as bittet poſon and dyynke make me ſuſpete and ſeted.
I ſee more curiſt that I do priuily than that I do open
ly / fo; that curiſt that no man ſeeth / no man repreueneth.
And wher there is no dredde of rebuke / the tempter the
deuyll is moris bold / and wyckednes is iuglyer done.
No mercuryle / for theri is barayle on euery parte / and
perciſt and dredde on euery syde. And lyke as theri done
that dwelle where warthe is / fo; muſt we loke hytter and
thytter / & turne the heid aboure to loke at euery cragge
& ſtronde. The fleshe tempreth me with thynges of fulſt
and pleaſure. The wozde with bayne thynges. And the
deuyll with bittet thynges. As ofte as fleshe cogytas
cyon moueth my mynde unþorunely with mete / bittes
be oſſe ſlepe / and other carnall thynges perteynynge to the
body / the fleshe ſpcketh to me. And whan the herte is
occupied with bayne thoughtes / as with ambydyon &
desyre of worldly wozdappes / with boſſynge and vnyde /
it cometh of the wozde. And whan I am prouoked un-
þorunely to Ite / to warthe / and bitternes of the ſoule /
it is ſuggeſtyn of the deuyll / the whiche behoueth to be
refuted and withstande / as it were the deuyll hymſelfe
and to ſhone and ſee as fro the paynes of hell. It is the
proprete of deuylls and fendes to offer to us curiſt ſu-
gelyngs / and our duty is / not to conſent to them. Sothys

to us as we reful / the our comyn the deuill the glas
awards / and honout god. Our leide brenfay arborach
bis to fight / and helpe us to gare the brettooy. By helpe
deuill how we fight / and helpe us when we fale. And
crebnerch us when we gare the brettooy.

COf the deuill and how he tempteth man by
the fleshe.

Capitulo. xvi.

My carcass made of claes holdeth the condycyon
therof and therefore I haue of it thoughts of ba-
dement and foulte plesures. Of the worldes thoughtes
of culpositie and banite. And of the deuill of brettooyes
and malice. These thre enemys fyght agaynt me and
purue me somtyme purly & somtyme openly / but al-
ways malcrouly. Wherby the deuill trusteth the helpe in
helpe of the fleshe / for an enemy of a bouny helpe nofeth
moost / and it hath made couenant with hym to destrope
me / for it was brought for my froure / morytale / in synne
Corrupcione gruelly at his beynsaynge / but moche more
corrupcione by curiell custome. And char is the cauile that it
is so contrary to the soule / that it gruellyth so moche /
and is so impacient to be taught / and entynged to his
lefull thynges / and obeyeth not to reason / and wyl not
be refrenged with any deede. That crooked serpent mak-
eth of mankynde helpe him / and wserib him. So / he hath
none other desyre / aboue no body / but to lese our soules
This is he that besylyth with his curiell specherh subtilly /
encylyth craftly / deceyuerh wplyly / creyterh wnicly
mawynges. And setteth on fyre brenfayous cognytions
moueth barayle and stycye / morytale / hantle / incyntis
and dreteth to glotony / mowth to lechety / creyche the
fleshe. f. 1. Ser.

despre of the fleshe maketh redy occasyon of synne / and
freschly not to tempte the hertes of men with a thousande
craftes of hurte & noyenge. This is he that syngeth vs
with our staffe / & bryndeth our hādes w/out awne gyrdell
that our body þ whiche is gyuen to vs to our helpe may
be to our hurte & scandale. It is a grecuous styrfe a grete
perill to fyght agaynſt an enemy of howsholde / namely
þyþ we be straungers / & he a cytisyn. He dwelleth in his
region / & we ben outlaues & pylgryms. It is also grete
peril to susteyne so ofte so coneynall and dalyng com-
panieres & bararies against the watches & Rabyters of
decepte of the deuill the whiche is very subtil bothe by
nature & also by longe exerceſe & bſe of his malycie.

¶ Of the blyſſe of heuen.

Capitulo. xviij.

My lord god deliuer me from myn enemys / and
from them that haue bated me / for they haue b̄n
conþtrid agaynſt me / forsoþe I þ haue lyued agaynſt
my ſelfe unto this houre / shall begyn now by thy gracie
to lufe to my ſelfe. We sholde lufe / so that when the body
deceydereth to be deuoured with wōmes / the ſoule may
make metþ with ſaintes in heuen. The ſpiryte sholde be
diuined towarde that place that he sholde go to. We sholde
baste chyder where we sholde alway lufe / and where we
shall newe d̄rede to dye agayne. Wherefore loue we ſo mo-
che this happy and ſaþyng e lyfe / where we lufe with ſo
muche labour / wherē we b̄nneþ content & ſaþſſe our
body of that þat is necessary in etyng / drynþyng / and
ſleepyng. We ought moche more to loue euery ſaþyng e lyfe
where we ſhall ſuffre no labour / wherē is cheſe mynthe /
cheſe ſaþſſe & blyſſe. Happy lyberte and happy blyſſe /

Wheres men shall be lyke to the angels of god, and ryght
wys men shall syne as the sonne in the kyngome of
ther father. Of what maner creder shou shall be than
the brightnes of soules, whan the lyght of bodies shall
have the brightnes of the soule. There is no trouwe, no
trouwe, no sorowe, no dyde, no labouer, no deth. But
perpetuall helthe alwayes per sonuerant and abydinge.
There shall be no malycie, no myghty of the fleshe. There
is no schenes, no necessyte, no hunger, no churche, no tol-
de, no hate, no farnesse of falle, no other tempestacons
of the enemy. So lyll to synne, no leysure to trespace, but
all thyngs shall be in gladnes and Ioy. And men felaw
sypped to aungells shall flouryshe evermore without
infirmitie of body. There shall be infyniti myrth, certe-
lastyng blisse, therin that that is ones purchased shall
alwayes be possed. There is certe fro labouer, peas of
emperes, mynib of nouices, sybates of eternite, swes-
teness and delectacion of the curialfuge by sypon and
lyght of god. And who is he that desirath not gretely to
dwel there, bothe for trut, peas and myrthe, eternite,
and the blisful lyght of almyghty god. There is no pple
grym, but who comcurt may desirue to come therer.
Shall dwel sykerly in that perpetuall countree, alwayes
gladde and alwayes farpare of the gloriouys lyght of god.
And the more that one is obedyent to an other for god,
the more rewarde shall be receyue there. And the more
that he loueth god, the more clere he shall be hym. So
the ende of man is to beholde god.

COf the desyngre of woldy thyngs. Of the
glor man. And of the pyte, gentylnes, and merry
of out loide god.

Capitulo. xviij.

11

The dayes ben of man as a shadoow upon the erthe
and he hath none abydynge, but when he wes
mery erthe. Item certe surely he is mygh nought. Welches
fyshe than gadered then the cressours to erthe. Item bothe
certe that us gadered and the gaderer pale awaye with
our loun. And thou man mygh scryve tokeff thou afer to
lawe of the woldre / whose stupre is herte and losse / the
ende of whomre is deth. Woldre god thou woldrest sauout
and understande / and prouyde for thy lalte endyng. I
knowe one that hath swved with the woldre many pe-
ces / syttyn ac thy table / and taken myte of thy hande
fleste in thy boosome / and brokyn with the whan he wold
de. Sic shalde be thy servaunt by ryght hercage. But
because thou hast nowysched hym delycately from his
cōpidehode / and spakid the roode / he is made oblymiate /
and hard lyke his fote aboue thyn heede / a hard brought
the to servitude and bondage / and ruleth the cruelly.
But pecanement thou wryte asthe who this is. It is
ryngc olde man that credeth Dolwe and maketh foulc
thy soule / that seneth ac noughe the countree that we
sholde despise. for he sauourerh not / but scherh thynges
only that he fidelhly. This man is blynde / dese / and
dome from his nativite / wryted in his auge / rebell to
vertue and trouth / and enemy to the crosse of Chrys. He
mocketh an innocent and a symple man. He walcketh
in mygh thynges and mytualious / that ben aboue his
degree. His booke a his prude is more than his strenghe.
He dredithe none / he worshyppeh none / he lareh in his
holynesses that therre is no god. He wryth wryth and
lache in good thynges / and is gladdie with other mens
hys servis. He is nowysched with fulclene thoughtes /
and perclercth in them without wrynes. He scatte

ere and waſteth his owne goodes as a thief and a
traitor. He couereth and trauelth other membes as a
gon. He gathereth to hym flattery and flauondre. Froward
ge and diceyfull / and malcontente the warche of god.
This man is borne all in sygne. And so he is nouellised
the frende of mychydnes / the fong of deeth / the weale of
heathe and rebuke / and relay to perdition. And per dyng
meth be to tell and shewe the tyghtynge and laſtes
of god. And speketh the testament of god. He bateth dyng
cypayne. He casteth our lorde behynde his backe. Yohan
he fretteth a thre / he rameth with hym / and purtereth his
poncyon and parte with aduouerers. He purtereth scham
byt agaynſt the chyldren of his mother / and crafouereth
the Irie of god upon hym. And myll take thyne heryng
ge from the enþe daye of Irie / and crue it from the boþen
the erthe. And thou bengest not so grete inwrapp / but dyng
synnynghe spaketh not one bathe ne greevous wondre to
hym / ne shewest no warche ne augry countenance to
hym / but fauourest hym that flattereth the. Thou plarest
þþaþ with the. This is no plastr of chyldhode ne of
ynglynes / or innocencie / but it is the mockynge / the
burke and beth of the soule. Who haþ he shrowen the
botone breþlyng in to the vþre that he haþ made.
Now arte thou bounded / now arte thou exampnate /
now arte thou oppresid with the poche of mychydnes
and chalondre / and thou arte fodes fowle under his
deþvþt the fro the bondes of this rebuke. Upst to god /
and fall downe this armid man / fall byt downe and be
þe all to broken. Also he is a mychyd man / the blyþest

of god / the inordyniate lower of hymselfe / the frende of the
wolde / and the letisunt of the deuyll. Now semich the
pſt thou vnderstande cyng / thou knyghte fape with me /
he is worthy dede / put hym on the crosse. O pſette noo
lenger / dyſtret no lenger / spate no lenger. But hastryp
and iſtauntip / boldy crucyfye this man. But let it be
vpon the crosse of Chyſt / in whome is helthe and lyfe /
to whome yf thy man crucyfyd crye / he shall here hym
benygnely answerynge a capteyn. Thou shalte be with
me this daye in paradyſe. O how grete is the pſt of
Chyſt. The wiche was without hope of helth. But
the loue of god is soo grete and soo tendre and frce / his
gentylnes soo redy / his mekenes soo meruaylous / his
ſuffraunce soo pacient / that he hetter hym graciously
that cryeth to hym. Soz he is mercyfull. O how grete is
the mercy of god. How ineffable and unſpeakable is the
cyngande of almyghty god. Yesterdaſe he was in deu-
kenes / and to daye in ſhynginge of lyght. Yesterdaſe in
the mouth of the ipon / and to daye in the handis of our
ſauour Chyſt. Yesterdaſe in the gates of hell / and to
daye in the delveris of paradyſe. But what proſpeth
these lettres of monyſyon / but yf thou put the lettres of
victorie into the conſcience. What proſpeth these thynges
wypen and vnderſtande / but yf thou rede and vnder-
ſtande thy ſelue. Therfore grue dylygence to inwarde re-
ſoung / and rede and vnderſtande thyne owne ſelue / that
thou mayſt rede and loue god / that thou mayſt fyght
and ouercame the wolde / and all thyne enemys / that
thy labour may be turned in to rest / and thy ſorowe in to
Joye. And after the deuknes of this lyfe / thou mayſt ſe
the ſprungyng of the bryght morwyng. And after theſe

thou mayst se the myddaye and height of the forme of
ryghtewesnes, in whiche thou shalst beholde the spoule
with his spous, one lorde of rurlastyrge glouce that
lyueth and regneth eurthope. Amen.

Chre we make an ende of this ryght profitable treatise
cysle the *Weytracysong* of saynt Bernarde. We biche for
veryp fauourr and charytal leure of all suche persones
as haue not understandyng in latyn, hath ben transla-
ced out of latyn into englysshe by a deuoute student of
the univercite of Cambrynge, thc whiche caused ic synt
to be put in print. And now the syntre cyntre empysited
at London, in flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne
by Wrytkyn de Wode. The yere of our lorde god. 1491.



